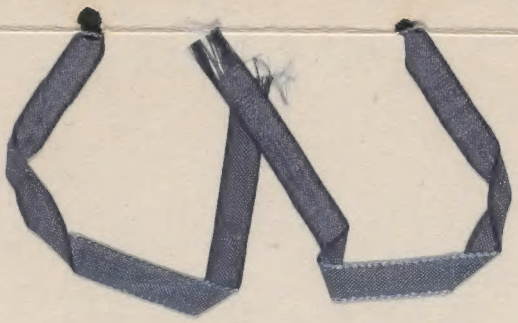
THE CHINOOK FAIRY



To Denis:

ON a cold Christmas evening the hearth all aglow,
The Northern Lights flashing bejewelling the snow,
To the winter-bound prairie came a song ever dear,
'Twas the voice of the West Wind, crooning and near.

Now the arch in its glory lifts purple and far
Like the vines from the watch towers of old Zanzibar,
Balmy winds from the sea blew with wild joyous ring,
And their wings as they passed, gave the soft kiss of Spring.

In the rift of bright light swiftly carried along
Came a red golden Fairy—the West Wind of song,
She flew down the white passes, quelled the storm and the sleet,
Nor icefield nor tempest, set bounds to her feet.

Moaning and sullen, crept the North Wind to his cave,
Where the Esquimau prowls by the ice-laden wave,
Fairy-freed, as the winds passed the snows of the plain,
The golden brown prairie 'rose all smiling again.

INOOK FAIRY

* * *

"Oh, land of gay sunshine, ever swift to respond,
How I longed in the mists for my old playing ground."
Thus happy and whispering dropped the Fairy asleep,
Where the cottonwood's leaves nestle yellow and deep.

The North Wind in fury, found her bed by the stream,
With the willow buds bursting to sweeten her dream,
She rose with a sigh at the touch of her foe,
The gentle warmth lingering awhile 'gainst the snow.

Through the shadows and mists of a hurrying storm,
The mountain goat, wistful, watched the trail of her form,
Over glacier and canyon, on peaks and dark pine,
From his fort, saw her lost down the distant sky line.

Sweet maid of the West, so welcome, so wilful,
We long for the arc that you build in our skies,
Come soon or come late, be gentle or fitful,
You sweep our fair land of its sorrows and sighs.

—MATHILDE STUART.